

Thyrane

"Black Atmospheric Madness"

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I raise the chalice abode of the dead.
I'm susceptible to grimness upon the throne of odium.
Black starlighted imperio...
Decorated by tears of angels and unholy victory.
Appearances through my dreams of malice,
Like plague in the minds of holy sick and weak.
I'm the servant of darkest sacrilegious immortality...
Therefore i reign as the king in the palace of
blasphemy.

Presence of hatred beyond possess me,
'cos i'm the one who evoke our devilish inner
immortality.
Can thou become merged to these raptures of pure
darkness and symbolic deathcraft.
Inhale the steam of illusions to share our circle of
forces vocation.
Feel the desolateness and grandiloquense of mystique
blackness.
In the court of black atmospheric madness.

Dehumanize thy outlook of life.
Thus i deiticatify you to see behind thy christian
insignificanse.
...deplorable ignorance in order that together
We shall subdue the loss of thy soul.

Combine to my pleasures, black spiritual tendency is
boundless an dignified.
Create the sentiment about the realm,
That you rule and command thy mental image to
crucify jesus christ again.

On the path to hell, i will laugh to humanity,
To it's principles and pathetic formal simplicity.

My existence is black like dragons in the mythic pages
from the medieval ages.
Thee assume that i'm captured by madness...
Sheeps! You're wrong 'cos i don't dwell in submissive
sadness.
In case that i could trespass the crystal walls of time, i

would create immemorial sacrifice.
Ad arma! Ad arma! I would lead the legions.
And virgin's miscarriage would be the shatterin part in
the human'shistory.

Withib the shadows of my visions, i will take my last
nordic breath.
Hand in hand with the dead, so cold,
I sink to the depths of black atmospheric madness

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